

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

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PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

MY OWN ADVENTURES.

From "time immemorial," it has been the uniform practice of love-sick swains to hand down to posterity the history of their adventures; and they often afford an amusing story. I have imitated them as far as possible; but I fear the history of my own adventures will be as uninteresting as it is short.—But, to commence:—There happened to be a young lady, in my neighborhood, who was there on a visit. She was rather vain, withal; and, of a sudden, she thought that I was quite captivated with her. She thought so, and that is just the same as if it was so in reality. To carry it out, I let it go so. I was about leaving home at that time, on a distant journey.—What should I see but a few *exquisite lines*, slyly handed to me, on my departure, which were so touching—O! dear me! However, I took 'em and crammed them into my wallet, and they remained there for the space of five or six months, without being once disturbed.

One day, while looking over my papers, I discovered them; and, thinking that they had been there about long enough, I *cruelly* committed them to the flames.

In my absence, I do not know how much she thought of me; but this I know, I did not think of the matter myself. When I returned, I indulged the hope that all was over: the case was far different; you cannot conceive my astonishment, when, upon my first seeing her, she came to me, and ———; O, dear! I began to think that this was carrying matters too far, and that the sooner a dissolution of partnership was effected, the better. I consequently closed the concern as conveniently as possible, and then considered myself as freed from a great burden.

So much for that adventure; but in the other case, I am about to mention, the saddle was on the wrong horse, as the saying is, as will readily appear.—

Another damsel made her appearance in our little village; her charms were rather more attractive than those of the other. The little mischievous boy [Cupid] caught me unawares, and pierced my tender heart with his pointed shafts. I was fairly smitten with her—I seized every opportunity of catching a sly look from the "heaven-born" creature. Every thing has some opposition; and in this affair I had enough to encounter. I was the butt for all my companions; but, thinks-I-to-myself, my cause is good, and I took no notice of them.

The time at length arrived when she was to return to her friends; a favorable opportunity presented itself, and she took passage by water. As she departed, I cast a "last, lingering look." For a few days, I felt rather droll; finally, my fever-fit of love departed like a morning's dream. I am still living a "single life of blessedness," and I shall probably remain in that state for some time.

GAMMA.

Providence, April 29, 1826.

THE ROBBERS.

OR AN ADVENTURE OF CARLE TRAGANTH.

The clouds were gathering in thick dark masses overhead; the tall trees were sweeping their lofty branches with the wind, as it howled dismally among them; the sounds of a far-off cataract; the deep gushings of a rivulet that wound its uneven way through the recesses of a dark ravine; the occasional growlings of some half famished wolf; the quick hurdling of the lightnings through the air, followed by the loud and tremendous clash of thunders; the quick dashings of rain upon us, and the uncommon gloominess of the place, all conspired to render the scene, and our feelings, of the most uncomfortable nature. The night was uncommonly dark, and only where the lightnings played around us could we distinguish to keep upon the main road, at each side of which the continued rains had formed a deep gulf, which it would have been unsafe for man or beast to have fallen into, and which, with all our judgment, we were often in imminent danger of having to disengage ourselves from. At length the shower partially abated, and we could distinguish, between the tops of the tall trees, a faint, gloomy light; and when the rolling clouds opened a little, some twinkling star, glittering in the clear blue sky, that revived our spirits, and led us to suppose the atmosphere would soon resume its wonted serenity. We had yet a league or more to pursue before we could arrive at our place of destination, and were now about entering upon the most dangerous part of the route, as a desperate gang of banditti had for many years infested the forest in the quarter where we then were. Our guide seemed particularly fearful, and related to us many accounts of their most horrible transactions. However, necessity compelled us to proceed. The storm had now entirely abated; the winds had died away; the clear stars were now glit-

tering in the blue firmament, and the dashing of the roaring rivulets struck not so harshly upon the ear as for the last half hour, and all wore now the serenity of the nightly noon. We were indulging ourselves in reflections of various natures when the rough voice of a man, who had seized my horse and presented a pistol, demanded me instantly to alight.—Having no arms, I had no other alternative but to obey. My companion, and the guide, resisted the attack of the robbers with much spirit, which cost them dearly, for they both lost their lives. For myself, I was tied upon my horse, which was led towards the depths of the forest, through a thick mass of shrubbery, which, at every step, tore my flesh; but, alas! I found it in vain to complain. We soon arrived at a deep ravine, when the leader of the party, who had taken us, blew upon a shrill sounding bugle, and immediately the rocks near where we stood seemed to burst asunder, and we entered into a deep and dreary cavern.

The most horrific scene imaginable now met my eyes; the dark and jutting crags frowned over head in sullen splendour, and the flickering light of an immensely large fire, which was burning in the centre of this dark abode, and alternately reflected into the gloomy recesses of the cave, would alone have been sufficient to have depressed my spirits; but when I saw the dark features of those around me, (cut throats, who had murdered and plundered my companions,) and gazed upon their horrid revalry, my feelings were too intense to be described. I was then, after being unbound, led into the midst of these demons, who gave a shout of exultation as they rifled my portmanteau, in which was a considerable sum in gold.

"Well, Seigneur, (said the chief, addressing himself to me,) you have need of refreshment; you have paid our good hostess so liberally for your entertainment, you are at least entitled to one bottle and a supper."

He then addressed himself to a female, whom he called Jocasta, and demanded a few bottles of wine, saying, he would himself break a cork with their new guest. This singular conduct excited my surprise: but thinking, really, that, in my situation, wet, and in rather disagreeable company, a bottle would do me no material injury, and fearing to disoblige my *worthy* host, I very politely accepted his invitation.

In a few moments the wine was brought, and a cold supper provided: I relished the repast exceedingly well; and it was not till a late hour that we rose from the table to retire to rest. The gang of villains were now fast sunk in the arms of somnus, and my good host conducted me to a small apartment, where was provided a moderately comfortable bed of straw, and left me, to repose myself as well as I could, with the promise, that I should rest in security until the morning. He then departed and left me to my reflection. I laid myself down, but the

events of that evening had made so deep an impression upon me, that I could not rest. In vain did I endeavor to forget in sleep the horrid situation in which I was placed; I closed my eyes, but sleep had forsaken me.

About an hour before day, I heard the door of my apartment opened; a female entered, whom I immediately recognized to be Jocasta. I started from my bed, when she made a sign for me to be silent; and, addressing herself to me, in a low voice—

"Am I deceived, (said she;) are you not Carle Traganth, count of Milan?"

Fearful that this was an effort to ascertain my real character, that they might demand a large ransom, I affirmed that it was not.

"Nay, (said she,) do not fear, I shall not betray you—I may be of service to you—answer, upon your honor, are you not the brother of Stephano Traganth? are you not Carle?"

There appeared to me something of a mystery in this address—my brother had absented himself from Milan with the daughter of a Milanese Count, some years before, and neither had been heard of since—I therefore, though rather reluctantly, acknowledged my title.

"It is enough, (said Jocasta,) I was not deceived; I must, however, be brief—beware, how you disclose your name, hereafter—you may offer what ransom you please—but should you make that disclosure, it will be instant death in this cavern. Aldene, the Captain of this banditti, was your brother's most deadly enemy—but time will not at present permit me to disclose much. Be not too reserved, but remain here till to-morrow night, and I will tell you more. You will rest in this cell—and if you are bold and brave, you may be free."

She then departed, as she had entered, but the suspense I felt can hardly be described.

The day soon dawned, and the return of a party of the banditti, who had been abroad during the night, soon put the cavern again in a stir—and my worthy host of the bandit reminding me it was time to break into another bottle, I arose. This day was past in revelry and dissipation, which I moderately mingled in; and, to excite the less suspicion, praised their course of life; thought it really a happy one, as it was perfectly a life of freedom. But, oh! how did I long to be out of the vortex of infamy in which I had so unluckily been placed.

At length night came, and I again retired to rest. I had not lain long ere Jocasta again entered the cell; she was drest in male attire, and coming towards me, I arose.

"Now let us flee, (said she;) here are pistols, loaded, and a sword—detection is death, remember that—and let us defend ourselves boldly, if we are detected. Haste! follow me."

Eagerly hoping a rescue, I followed. She led to the after part of the cavern:

Now, (said she,) this place is guarded—if we do any thing, let it be done quickly."

She opened a small door carefully—the robber slept—we passed him, and were soon abroad in the clear atmosphere. The greatest difficulty that now remained was to escape the party which were abroad in search of booty. We, however, succeeded in

this; and the morning found us free from the haunts of those ruthless hordes who infest to so great a degree the forests of Italy.

When we had taken the repose necessary for the fatigue we had undergone, I solicited of Jocasta a recital of what she knew relative to the fate of my brother, and also her own history, which she gave in pretty much the following words:

"Signor, they are both so interwoven, that it would be difficult to relate one without the other.—You will recollect the Duke Bisanio; he had a daughter Imogin, reputed beautiful; she became the innocent cause of various jealousies, and the palace of the Duke was thronged with her admirers; your brother was the favored one, both in the estimation of the father and the daughter. With him she delighted to be—he was her idol—so also was she his. They loved each other, and their fondness was no secret. This created a jealousy among his rivals; and one, more desperate than the rest, who had once thought himself favored, devised every means to have him disgraced at court, but in vain. At length a time arrived—your brother, with the daughter of Bisanio, departing on a pleasure excursion, were waylaid by a band of ruffians—he was assassinated; and Imogin fell into the hands of his rival, whose life being now forfeited, he joined, and became chieftain of the hireling band he had employed; and Imogin became the victim of his lust and power—I, (said Jocasta, bursting into tears,) I am that Imogin—Aldene, the wretch who assassinated your brother. It is now five years since I have been a prisoner in the cavern, from whence we have just escaped, subject to the lawless embraces of one I detested, of one Signor—start not when I tell you I have myself assassinated!"

When Jocasta had thus far related to me her affecting story, she placed her hands before her face, and the tears bedewed her yet beautiful cheeks; then, raising her eyes, she exclaimed—

"Yes, yes, these hands are stained with blood—but there is mercy yet."

I returned soon to Milan, taking with me the injured girl, who entered a nunnery, and in a few months after, expired in the arms of the Abbess.

P.

THE PORTRAITS.

"In every lineament I trace,

What time shall strengthen—not efface."

True love, like the pure overflowing fountain of a perennial spring, sends out its clear and constant streams, to nourish and make glad its favorites, in the shade and in the sunshine, in the tempest and the calm, while the source, itself, is still full, still undiminishing. Pleasure palls, and sickens, and dies, before it has been well enjoyed. Ambition urges on its restless course, and when it reaches the goal, writes vanity against itself. Revenge wears itself out in the very fierceness of its feverish existence.—True love, alone, never palls, never reproaches, never, never dies.

In a sweet little wood-encircled cottage, on the banks of the Schuylkill, Lucy Ray lived, with her aged mother—devoting herself to the delightful task of cheering the declining years of the fond parent

of her youth. They had retired to that abode, a few years before, from the noise and disquiet of a city life; enjoying a moderate competency, such as gave them little care in its management, and yet dispelled every cloud of anxiety from the future. Here, surrounded by the beautiful and picturesque of wood, and vale, and meadow scenery; free from the vain parade of the gay city; forgetting, almost, its fleeting and uncertain friendships, and banished its distasteful joys, Lucy was happy, if the heart is ever happy, when severed from what it loves.

In years now long past, when she was first blushing in her teens, she had vowed eternal fidelity to a young vision that crossed her path, and left behind only the memory of his fine figure, his elegant and tender manner, and his burning intellect. He came and went, almost a stranger in name. It was while her father lived, a merchant in the city, that Lucy and the stranger became acquainted. His name was Morton, and he had come over, a supercargo, in a vessel from England. They spent a June month together. It was enough to bind them to a life of devotion to each other—living or dying, they vowed to know only their love to God and each other, though he, at this time, was without the means to marry, and she was too young. They parted—six years had already passed, and she had received but a single letter.

But there was one transaction of that early intercourse which seemed to have stamped a seal upon the link of their affection—they exchanged Portraits. His now hung up in a little parlour of the cottage, to which Lucy, in her hours of leisure, used to retire to charm away the time, by reading, or playing on her harp, or musing on the picture and its history, or gazing on the gentle Schuylkill, as it rolled its quiet waves at the foot of the green below the window.—Often she breathed a sigh over these dear scenes and those fond recollections—though it was not the sigh of bitter distrust, or gloomy forebodings. True, she was filled with uneasiness when she thought of his long absence; whence had he gone? Where could he be? What had been his fortunes? A thousand thoughts were awakened, but among them all, distrust never had a place. If he is alive, I shall see him yet, she used to say. If dead, I shall go where he is gone.

One day she was on a visit to the city, and was invited, by a friend, to make a call with her at the residence of a gentleman who had recently arrived from England. She went. Almost the first article which struck her eye on entering the parlour was the large, elegant Portrait of herself, which she had given to Morton! She maintained sufficient command of herself to avoid betraying any extraordinary emotion.—But, after her return, she managed, through the intervention of a friend, to purchase it, and it was sent out to the cottage and placed by the side of Morton's, round both of which she wove a wreath of cypress.

The history the English gentleman, (Mr. Belfry,) gave of the Portrait, was, that he had purchased it at an auction store, in London, and that it belonged to a young gentleman who had married a French heiress, and was on the point of departing for Paris.—Further than this, he heard nothing.

Lucy, now, for the first time, believed in the constancy of Morton. As the conviction came sudden, a season of heart-sickness followed. But her elastic spirits buoyed her up above even this, the bitterest of temporal calamities, and she gradually recovered her health and cheerfulness. She now only lived for her aged parent; and when this last object of her earthly solicitude departed, she felt the loneliness of a solitary life when it is robbed of bosom companions, and shut out from soothing hopes. She returned to the city; again mixed, to drown the recollections of the past, with the witty and the gay—was admired, caressed, and, at last, after a long and trembling struggle with her feelings, married an amiable and excellent man.

The taste of her husband inclined him to a country life, and with him she was contented to retire to the little cottage once more. His fortune, united to hers, was more than ample, and in the elegance of a refined retirement, and in the diffusion of happiness around them, they realized a larger share of happiness than usually falls to the lot of human life. Morton was not forgotten; the Portraits still hang in their place; but the charm that early hours had twined around his name, wore gradually away. She felt that she was released from him forever.

Four more years rolled away, and Lucy had heard nothing of Morton—when, one summer day, while she was absent with her husband, a stranger drove into the yard, and, dismounting from an elegant gig, entered the house, and, without knocking, proceeded from one room to another, until he entered that in which the Portraits hung! He gazed a moment! The servant entered.

"Tell your mistress, (said he,) that Morton has been here—that he saw the Portraits—that he forgives her."

And he vanished from the door, mounted his gig, and drove rapidly away.

Lucy heard the account with astonishment. But she was yet ignorant of the circumstances which had led to these strange occurrences. Her husband, however, went to the city, and next day obtained an interview with Morton. He had already made arrangements to sail for the East Indies, from whence he had just returned, with a view to marry Lucy.—He stated that he had failed in London, shortly after he left America, and Lucy's Portrait, with all his furniture, had been seized and sold by his creditors. That he had then sailed to the Indies, where, for six years, he had been engaged at an inland post, in business; had acquired a fortune, and purposed returning to die of grief and disappointment.

No further intercourse ever took place. And the unfortunate Portraits, the instruments of so much sorrow, remain yet among the family pieces of the lovely little cottage on the Schuylkill.

A VIRTUOUS OLD LADY.

Some years ago, six old men and six old women were subpoenaed out of the town of Stockport to appear on a trial in the court of Westminster. The eldest of the men was one hundred and five, and the youngest 67; the eldest of the women was 103, and the youngest sixty-five. Two coaches were provided to take these twelve persons to London; but the

old lady, aged one hundred and three, refused to ride in the same coach with the old gentleman, of one hundred and five, saying, "I do not think it prudent to ride with one of his sex; I have supported a good character, so far, and I am determined to support it as long as I live in this world."



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to see true friends unite
And each promote the other's good;
For friendship makes our sorrows light,
And half sustains the painful load.

I love to see those cordial smiles,
That life, and hope, and joy impart;
For friendship every care beguiles,
And gently soothes the aching heart.

I love to hear those melting strains,
That fall like music on the ear;
For friendship's voice can ease our pains,
And lull to sleep each rising fear.

I love the friend who scorns to be
A friend for interest, or for gain;
Thy friendship perish! slave, with thee,
Who thus her sacred name profane.

I love the friends whom want, or woe,
Or time, or chance, can never part;
Whose gen'rous souls exult to show
The unpurchas'd friendship of the Heart.
ELLEN.

LINES,

To a young Widow, on entering the circles of fashion soon after the death of her husband.

O! lady! quit the throng, and throw
Those gaudy robes aside;
Resume again the garb of woe,
Nor vex thy Henry's shade.

O! lady! think how late you hung
With rapture on his arm,
And listen'd to that voice which rung
The peal of love's alarm.

O! think how oft you fondly met
The glance of that dark eye,
Which flash'd with love and dear delight,
Or beam'd with tenderest joy.

O! think how oft, when grief entwined
Her cypress wreaths with care,
Upon his bosom you reclin'd,
And sought a refuge there.

And think how oft he warmly kiss'd
Away each pensive tear,
And to his manly bosom press'd
His wife forever dear.

And then thy smiles would bliss impart,
And softer scenes renew,
And sooth the trobbings of that heart,
Which only beat for you.

And can you, then, so soon forget
Those dear domestic joys,
And bow, a slave, at fashion's feet,
To court a worthless prize?

And spread thy sex's wiles to win
Another to thy arms,
To live upon thy smiles serene,
And revel in thy charms?

It cannot be! Her injur'd right
Let memory resume;
And banish those illurements bright,
To weep o'er Henry's tomb.

Go? sit beside the marble stone,
And with thy sorrows lave
The grass, which scarcely yet has grown
Upon thy husband's grave!

And while Diana's pensive beam
Shines through the willow bough,
Wildly lament the loss of him,
Who only liv'd for you.

MIDNIGHT.

—*Nox timebat*

Mediam orpem.—HORACE.

Midnight—and the world is still,
The wind has hush'd its clam'rous swell;
The morn-beam sleeps upon the hill,
And flickers o'er the mead and dell.

Midnight—and the lowly beast
Has found repose on humble lair;
And though his lot is toil, at least
When night comes on, repose is there.

Midnight—and the feather'd kind,
Whose throats to song were tun'd by day,
Have ceas'd their carols—glad to find
The sleep that wiles the night away.

Midnight—and man is gone to bed,
Regardless of the day's affairs;
And rests secure his weary head
To find a respite to his cares.

Ambition has forgot its night;
And Avarice thinks no more of gold;
E'en Revelry, in wretched plight,
Has ceas'd its fav'rite bowl to drain.

And why when moonlight seals the eye
Of man, and beast, and bird, in sleep,
Should misery that boon deny
To me—and make me wake and weep.

RUDOLPH.

THE ROSES OF LIFE.

Why should we complain of this life's dreary road,
Or the thorns and the pebbles that in the path lay,
Has not heaven a portion of reason bestow'd
To pass them o'er lightly, or brush them away?

I'll gather Life's Roses wherever I find them,
And laugh at the many who dread to draw near,
Who leave all their charms and their fragrance be-
hind them,
Nor pluck the sweet buds, lest the thorn should
appear.

There are cares and afflictions in life to be known,
The heart may weep blood, tho' the cheek may be
dry;
But in soothing another's we lighten our own—
And soft drops the tear that fills Sympathy's eye.

Sweet Sympathy, thou art the rose without thorns;
Dwell here in my bosom, each care to beguile,
Thy beauty the cheerful heart ever adorns,
And draws from the sad one a meek patient smile.

Grim Poverty, too, is a thorn in our way;
Ah! no; cheerful Industry stands by her side,
With lovely spring flowers she makes the path gay,
And laughs at the cares and repinings of pride.

Come, strew round thy violets, sweetly narcotic,
How calm and refreshing the rest they bestow,
The ambitious, the vain, or the tyrant despotic,
Such sweets cannot taste, nor such slumbers can
know.

And see the gay wreath with which heaven has bound
us,
Social mirth, sacred friendship, and chaste mutual
love,
Snatch, snatch the fair blossoms, the storm gathers
round us,
Their beauty will fade and their fragrance remove.

Then bend, humbly bend, 'neath the storm as it
passes,
Though the thorn should be sharp that remains on
the spray,
Friendship's blossom ne'er fades, and its perfume
surpasses
The light summer flowers that flitted away.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1826.

A CAT STORY.

A late number of the Lockport Observatory con-
tains a very clever cat story, or rat story, or both, that
adds a new chapter to the curious and peculiar his-
tory of the feline race. A gentleman of that village,
on entering his stable, a few days since, perceived a
large rat, snugly located in a box containing a small
quantity of grain; and his ratship, whose full habit
bore strong testimony to the general excellence of
his cheer, was so entirely absorbed in discussing the
matter before him, that he was wholly unaware of the
presence of a spectator. The latter cautiously ap-
proached the spot, and ere one could say Jack Rob-
inson, closed the lid of the box; returning to his

house for a cat, to whom he determined to commit
all further dealings with the visitant of the granery.
It is needless to say that his ratship, who was not ac-
customed to being disturbed at table, and, like all
good people, wanted light to eat by, thought this
treatment altogether uncivil; and, justly offended at
his host, was about to retire in dudgeon, when he
found that all retreat was cut off, and that his for-
ing excursions had come to a crisis. Determined
not to submit without a struggle he tried the strength
of his prison, and endeavored to storm it at all points,
but in vain; and, finally, couched himself in a cor-
ner to await the further operations of the enemy.

The gentleman having brought Grimalkin, (who,
by the bye, was esteemed a fine mouser, and one of
the most furious of her kind,) he placed her in the
box, and again closed it, leaving her to settle matters
with the stranger, which he supposed she would do
in a manner equally prompt and conclusive. After
a sufficient time for operations had elapsed, however,
he withdrew the lid, and, contrary to all expectation,
found Grimalkin in one end, and his ratship in ano-
ther, sitting with the dignity of a pair of ministers of
state, and eyeing each other with great suspicion and
scrutiny. The lid was again closed, and not with-
drawn until several hours had elapsed, when they
were discovered sitting beside each other, as quietly
and lovingly as twin kittens in a nest; and on the rat
being touched with a stick, he sought and received
protection from the cat, by crawling over her neck,
and placing himself behind her!

"This certainly appears to be realizing the idea of
the lion and the lamb herding together in amity."

MURDER.

We learn by the New-York American, that a man,
of the name of Gilbert, was arrested in that city on
Sunday last, and brought before the Police Magis-
trate, charged with the murder of Maria Gilbert, his
wife. He offered to make confession to the officer,
but his examination was deferred until Monday. A
number of witnesses came forward and gave their
testimony, the substance of which is as follows:

Several weeks since, the deceased came to the
Boarding-House of Mrs. Wall, in Water-Street, near
Catharine-Street. The account she gave of herself
was—that she had run away from her husband, who
was a painter, and lived in Troy. She had remained
a considerable time with Mrs. Wall, when her hus-
band arrived and came to see her, which he repeated
frequently, never, however, without a violent quar-
rel between them. It would appear that he was urg-
ing her to return to Troy, and that she refused to
comply with his request. Within a few days their
differences had become more serious. On Sunday
he came to Mrs. W's, when several persons were
there; his wife was sitting upon the lap of another
man, when he looked in at the door, and said, "Ma-
ria, come here." She went into the passage to him;
no words or altercation were heard; but a piercing
scream from her immediately caused those in the
room to rush into the passage, where Mrs. Gilbert
was found, lifeless, upon the floor; the knife with
which her husband had stabbed her, lay by her. Gil-
bert was walking to and fro in a wild and hurried man-
ner. He said to those who addressed him, "I have

killed her, and am willing to die for it." The weap-
on had been well directed, as it pierced the heart of
the deceased, and caused instantaneous death. It
was a butcher knife, ground to a point and sharpen-
ed, with evident design to make its work effectual,
as even the back had been ground to a very keen
edge.

Mrs. Gilbert was a native of the city of New-York,
aged about 30; she had been married five years, but
had no children.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

That portion of our paper which is generally devo-
ted to Poetry was filled before we received the favor
of "Romeo;" it shall, however, be inserted in our
next.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Monday evening last, by Rev. Mr.
Edes, Capt. C. B. Pearce, to Miss Martha W. Glad-
ding, all of this town.

On Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Webb, Mr.
Increase Sumner, of this town, to Miss Nancy V.
Lewis, of Cumberland.

On Thursday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Pickering,
Mr. Thomas Doyle, of New-York City, to Miss Mar-
tha Dorrance Jones, daughter of the late Capt. Ger-
sham Jones, of this town.

In New Hampton, N. H. Master Wheeler Spiller,
aged fifteen, to Miss Sally Goss, aged fifty.



DIED,

In this town, on Monday last, Mrs. Sarah Tarp,
widow of the late Mr. John Tarp, aged 67.

On Tuesday last, Edward Albert, son of Mr. Thos.
L. Crapon, aged 18 months.

On Tuesday evening last, Amey, infant daughter
of Mr. John R. Burrows, aged 10 months.

On Thursday morning last, after a short but dis-
tressing illness, Mr. James Wheaton, 3d, in the 47th
year of his age.

In Tiverton, Mr. Isaac Cooke, aged 82.—Mrs.
Lydia Cooke, aged 83.

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